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and firm even in its most trivial determination.

Lastly, the size of the whole is diminutive, compared with the villas of the south, in which the effect was always large and general. Here the eye is drawn into the investigation of particular points, and miniature details; just as, in comparing the English and Continental cottages, we found the one characterized by a minute finish, and the other by a massive effect, exactly correspondent with the scale of the fixtures and scenery of their respective localities.

It appears, then, from the consideration of these several points, that, in our antiquated style of villa architecture, some national feeling may be discovered; but in any buildings now raised, there is no character whatever; all is ridiculous imitation and despicable affectation; and it is much to be lamented, that now, when a great deal of attention has been directed to architecture on the part of the public, more efforts are not made to turn that attention from mimicking Swiss *chalets*, to erecting English houses. We need not devote more time to the investigation of *purely* domestic English architecture, though we hope to derive much instruction and pleasure from the contemplation of buildings partly adapted for defence, and partly for residence. The introduction of the means of defence is, however, a distinction which we do not wish at present to pass over; and, therefore, in our next paper, we hope to conclude the subject of the villa, by a few remarks on the style best adapted for English scenery.

THE SHIN PIECE.

In passing through New Haven, a few days since, I visited the Trumbull gallery, and was sincerely gratified to find the works of my venerable friend collected, cared for, and in the keeping of a dignified and permanent corporation.

I remarked with regret that the building where these works of Col. Trumbull are kept, was, in part, of combustible material, and warmed in a manner which must always be injurious to pictures. I am not aware of the wants which placed the gallery on the second story, with a wooden floor and a wooden staircase so near the pictures. Whatever ends may have been gained by this arrangement, much has been sacrificed to them. Had this gallery been located on a ground floor, in a building of one story, lighted as at present, with a stone or painted brick floor resting upon ventilated cobble stones, I must believe that the expense would have been no greater and the security perfect.

I noted a most interesting object in this gallery, a sketch of Major Andre made by himself on the day of his execution. This sketch, which is made with a pen, is not of artistic value beyond what may be looked for in similar efforts of any educated engineer, but it has a historic and personal interest of a high order, and I would venture to hint that it is not properly framed, considering its value, *nor safely* kept, if any one consider its high interest elsewhere. It should form an inseparable part of some larger fixture. This suggestion would be both uncalled for and ungracious, but for the fact that much larger works have in

Europe been abstracted from places of public resort, and that, too, in spite of a jealous supervision of the authorities interested in their preservation.

It was truly interesting to observe in this collection the small studies of Colonel Trumbull's pictures for the Rotunda, and since I have mentioned these, I cannot refrain from saying a few words in relation to the Declaration of Independence, which I regard as by far the ablest of these pictures, a work selected by John Randolph as the butt of his unscrupulous sarcasm, stigmatized by him as the *Shin Piece*, and almost universally known even now, and mentioned by that ludicrous cognomen.

I believe I shall be speaking the sense of the artistical body, and of *cognoscenti* in the United States, when I say that the "Declaration of Independence" has earned the respect of all, the warm interest of such as watch the development of American Art, and the admiration of those who have tried their own hand in wielding a weighty and difficult subject.

I admire in this composition the skill with which Trumbull has collected so many portraits in formal session, without theatrical effort, in order to enliven it, and without falling into bald insipidity by adherence to trivial facts. These men are earnest yet full of dignity, they are firm yet cheerful, they are gentlemen, and you see at a glance that they meant something very serious in pledging their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.

The left hand of the figure of Mr. Adams is awkwardly pushed forward. The left arm of Mr. Jefferson is singularly incorrect for so careful a draughtsman as Col. Trumbull. One could wish that the lower limbs of Mr. Hancock had been made more distinct, perhaps a slight enlargement and extension of the light upon his chair, uniting with the mass of light, would have effected this object. Would not the chair itself, in such case, be less a spot than it now is in the composition?

Those who have seen only the sortie of Gibraltar, and the Battle of Bunker Hill, would scarce believe that these larger works of the Capitol are of the same hand, from their inferiority in color and effect. They have a chalky distemper-like tone, which is very displeasing.

In calling this picture the *Shin Piece*, Mr. Randolph accused a defect of composition. If I understand the gibe, it meant that there was an undue prominence and exhibition of legs in the work. Now in point of fact this is the last charge which he should have made, nay, if Mr. Randolph had any special aversion for legs, he owed a tribute of praise to the artist for sparing him in that regard, since of more than forty persons who are there assembled, ten only show their legs. The gibe, however, took with the House, because the House was, by its tedium, prepared for a laugh, and not prepared to do justice to the painter.

The veteran artist whose feelings were thus wounded, was but a few feet distant from the shameless orator. He afterward assured me, with tears in his eyes, that up to that moment he had always believed Randolph his personal friend. If those who echoed and still echo that paltry jest, will look carefully at the Declaration of Independence, they will see that the fact of

those legs appearing in small clothes, no longer familiar to the eye, calls attention to them in an undue manner, and they will rather pity the spirit and the intelligence which overlooked this difficulty, than blame the painter for an inevitable consequence of the change of fashion.

HORATIO GREENOUGH.

ADONIS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PART II.

"La modestie, la plus touchante des vertus, est encore la plus séduisante des parures."—MAD. COTTIN: *Mithilde*.

THE JEWS were undoubtedly an ill-fated people. In London, in the olden time, whenever any class had a grievance, the work of redress was commenced by slaying the Hebrews. In the reign of Henry III. the municipality of London and a portion of the nobility were dreadfully incensed against Queen Eleanor; and to show their indignation, they not only plundered and murdered scores of common Israelites, but the City Marshal and Baron Fitz-John repaired to the residence of Kok ben Abraham, the wealthiest Hebrew in the city, where the noble lord ran his sword through the body of the child of the synagogue, laughing the while as if the jest were a good one. Certainly, this was a strange method of showing a political bias; and it would be no jest now if Lord Winchelsea, for instance, angry at the desire of the Crown to admit Jews into Parliament, were to rush down to the city and plunge his paper-cutter into the diaphragm of poor Baron Rothschild.

Our gallant knights of old thought it no degradation to receive clothes at the hands of the king. When Henry IV. dubbed some four dozen the day before his coronation, he made presents to all of long green coats, with tight sleeves, furred, and verdant hoods: the cavaliers must have looked like cucumbers. The sumptuary laws of this reign had an additional severity in them, that they decreed imprisonment during the king's pleasure against any tailor who should dare to make for a commoner a costume above his degree. The tailors, like wise men, did not ask their customers whether they were gentle or simple; and burghers dressed as before, more splendidly than barons.

We have an illustration of the national feeling with regard to dress in Henry VIII.'s time, in the story of Drake, the cordwainer.

John Drake, the Norwich shoemaker, was resolved to dress, for once, like a knight; and accordingly he betook himself to Sir Philip Calthrop's tailor, and seeing some fine French tawney cloth lying there, which the cavalier had sent to have made into a gown,—gentlemen then, as now, it seems, sometimes found "their own materials,"—the aspiring Crispin ordered a gown of the same stuff and fashion. The knight, on calling at the tailor's saw the two parcels of "materials," and inquired as to the propriety of the second. "The stuff," said the master, "is John Drake's, the Norwich shoemaker, who *will* have a gown of the same fashion as your valiant worship." "Will he so?" asked proud Sir Philip; "then fashion mine as full of cuts as thy shears can make it, and let the two be alike, as ordered." He was obeyed; but when John Drake looked wonderingly upon his aristocratic garment, and saw the peculiar mode thereof, and was moreover told the reason *thereof*, he rubbed his bullet-head vexedly, and remarked, "By my latchet, an it be so John Drake will never ask for gentleman's fashion again."

I have spoken in my "Table Traits" of how a French knight gained a livelihood by making salads; I may notice here that a Flemish frau,

Dingham van der Plafze, did the same by starching ruffs in London, in Queen Elizabeth's time. She gave lessons to the nobility at four or five pounds the course for each pupil, and an additional pound for showing them how to make the starch. The nobility of course patronized her; being a foreigner, the duchesses accounted her "divine." People of the commonalty, with as much wisdom, esteemed her as a devil; and starch itself was looked upon as a sort of devil's broth. The women who wore ruffs were looked upon as anything but respectable; and the men who placed around the neck the "monstrous ruff, of twelve, yea sixteen, lengths apiece, set three or four times double," were accounted of as having made "three steps and a half to the gallows."

"When Sir Peter Wych," says Bulwer, in his 'Pedigree of an English Gallant,' "was sent ambassador to the Grand Seigneur, from James I., his lady accompanied him to Constantinople, and the Sultaness having heard much of her, desired to see her; whereupon Lady Wych, attended by her waiting-women, all of them dressed in their great vardingales, which was the court dress of the English ladies of that time, waited upon her highness. The Sultaness received her visitors with great respect; but, struck with the extraordinary extension of the hips of the whole party, seriously inquired if that shape was peculiar to the natural formation of Englishwomen; and Lady Wych was obliged to explain the whole mystery of the dress, in order to convince her that she and her companions were not really so deformed as they appeared to be." Lady Wych probably did not look more astounding to the Turks than the Marchioness of Londonderry did to those of some thirty years ago, when she traversed the courts of the Sultan's palace in the full undress of a lady of the "Regent's Drawing Room." Both these ladies were ambassadresses, and they remind me of the English nobleman in the reign of Anne, who was informed that he had been appointed representative of his sovereign at the court of the Sultan. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "I can never undertake it, I should look so absurd and awkward in women's clothes!" He seriously thought that to represent his mistress he must be dressed as she was! But I shall say more of Anne hereafter. I have here to exhibit Oliver; Charles, as we all know, was a gentleman, at all events in dress. In that respect Cromwell differed from him.

"The first time that I ever took notice of Oliver Cromwell," says Sir Philip Warwick, "was in the beginning of the Parliament held in November, 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman, for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes. I came one morning into the house well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hatband; his stature was of good size; his sword stuck close to his side." Altogether it is clear that Oliver was a trifle slovenly, and sometimes unsteady enough of hand to cut himself when shaving.

Louis XIV. was quite as arbitrary and absurd on a matter of fashion. Charles II. of England was the inventor of the "vest dress." I consisted of a long cassock which fitted close to the body, of black cloth, "pinked" with white silk under it, and a coat over all; the legs were ruffled with black ribbon, like a pigeon's leg; and the white silk piercing the black made the wearers look, as Charles himself confessed, very much like magpies. But all the world put it on, because it had been fashioned by a monarch;

and gay men thought it exquisite, and grave men pronounced it "comely and manly." Charles declared he would never alter it, while his courtiers "gave him gold by way of wagers, that he would not persist in his resolution." Louis XIV. showed his contempt for the new mode and the maker of it, by ordering all his footmen to be put into vests. This caused great indignation in England, but it had a marked effect in another way; for Charles and our aristocracy, not caring to look like French footmen, soon abandoned the new costume.

This reminds me of a foolish interference of Louis XVI. in a matter of dress. In the days of our grandfathers there was nothing so fashionable for summer wear as nankeen. No gentleman would be seen abroad or at home in a dress of which this material did not go to the making of a portion; and as we ever fixed the fashion on questions of male costume, the mode was adopted in France, and English nankeens threatened to drive all French manufactured articles of summer wear out of the market. The king however surmounted the difficulty: he ordered all the executioners and their assistants to perform their terrible office in no other dress but one of nankeen. This rendered the material "infamous;" and many a man who deserved to be hanged, discarded the suit because a similar one was worn by the man who did the hanging. So Mrs. Turner, the poisoner, being executed in the reign of James I. in a yellow starched ruff, put to death the fashion of wearing them.

Picturesqueness of costume went out with chivalry; and few things could be uglier than an Englishman of James the Second's or of William and Mary's days, except an Englishman of our own tight and buttoned period.

A hundred years ago it would have been unsafe to have sold a plaid waistcoat in either Rag Fair or Houndsditch. In 1752 Mr. Thornton said in the House of Commons, that "he believed it true, plaid waistcoats had been worn by some wrong heads in the country; but in the parts where he lived he saw no occasion for an army to correct them" (he was speaking against a standing army), "for some that had attempted to wear them had been heartily thrashed for doing so." In the same year, it is worthy of remark that we were exporting gold and silver bullion to the Continent; not indeed at the rate at which we are now importing it, especially the former, but still in quantities that seem almost incredible. The metal-import question as it stood then excites a smile in those who read it now. For example, among the current news given by our juvenile friend, Sylvanus Urban, in his volume for 1752, we learn that "a parcel of waistcoats embroidered with foreign gold and silver (which were lately seized at a tailor's house, who must pay the penalty of £100, pursuant to Act of Parliament), were publicly burnt in presence of the custom-house officers and others."

The steeple head-dresses of Anne and the first George's days came under the notice of Addison, in the "Spectator." He compares them with the *commodes*, or *towers*, of his time. Speaking of the former, he tells us that the women would have carried their head-structures much higher had it not been for the preaching of a monk named Concete. The good and zealous man preached with more effect than Rowland Hill did, when he inveighed from the pulpit against Mrs. Hill's top-knots. So logically did he prove that steeple head-dresses were devices of the devil, that they who wore them were the devil's daughters, and that after this life the everlasting home of the latter would be with their father, that the ladies, in a fit of religious enthusiasm, cast off the denounced decorations during the summer, and made a bonfire of them after it was over. It must have been a pretty fire in which pride was burned, for the congregation amounted to something like ten thousand

women, with as many male hearers; from which it is to be supposed that the preaching took place in the open air. If only half the ladies committed their caps to the flames, it was, no doubt, a glad sight to the makers of the caps. They were sure that if fashion went out in one blaze, it would rise phoenix-like from the flames of that fire or another.

When Walpole had been to King George the Second's Levee and Drawing-room, in 1742, he wrote of what he witnessed in this lively fashion:—"There were so many new faces that I scarce knew where I was; I should have taken it for Carleton House, or my Lady Mayoress's visiting day, only the people did not seem enough at home, but rather as admitted to see the King dine in public. 'Tis quite ridiculous to see the numbers of old ladies, who, from having been wives of patriots, have not been dressed these twenty years; out they come, in all the accoutrements that were in use in Queen Anne's days. Then the joy and awkward jollity of them is inexpressible. They titter, and, wherever you meet them, they are always going to court, and looking at their watches an hour before the time. I met several on the birthday (for I did not arrive time enough to make clothes), and they were dressed in all the colors of the rainbow: they seem to have said to themselves twenty years ago, 'Well, if ever I do go to court again, I will have a pink and silver, or a blue and silver;' and they keep their resolution."

Walpole is quite right in designating the gaiety of the women as an awkward jollity. Rough enjoyment was a fashion at this time with the fair. Mrs. Sherwood, in her pleasant Autobiography, adverts to this subject in speaking of her mother's early days, when undignified amusements were not declined by ladies of any age. One of these she describes as consisting of the following sort of violent fun. A large strong table-cloth was spread on the upper steps of the staircase, and upon this cloth the ladies inclined to the frolic seated themselves in rows upon the steps. Then the gentlemen, or the *men*, took hold of the lower end of the cloth, attempting to pull it downstairs; the ladies resisted this with all their might, and the greater the number of these delicate creatures the longer the struggle was protracted. The contest, however, invariably ended by the cloth and the ladies being pulled down to the bottom of the stairs, when everything was found bruised, except modesty. "High Life below Stairs" could hardly have been too rampant in its exposition, if it really reflected what was going on above. We can hardly realize the matter. We hardly do so in merely fancying we see good Lord Shaftesbury, Admiral Gambier, Baptist Noel, and Dr. M'Neil engaged in settling Miss Martineau, Catherine Sinclair, the "Authoress of Amy Herbert," and Mrs. Fry on a table-cloth upon the stairs, and hauling them down in a heap to the bottom. It would be highly indecorous; but, I am almost ashamed to say, I should like to see it.

In 1748 George II. happened to see that gallant French equestrian, the Duchess of Bedford, on horseback, in a riding-habit of blue turned up with white. At that time there was a discussion on foot, touching a general uniform for the navy: the appearance of the Duchess settled the question. George II. was so delighted with her Grace's appearance, that he commanded the adoption of those colors; and that accounts perhaps for the fact, that sailors on a spree are ever given to getting upon horseback, where they do not at all look like the Duchess whose colors they wear.

Taste was undoubtedly terribly perverted in this century. Some ladies took their footmen with them into their box at the play; others married actors, and their noble fathers declared they would have more willingly pardoned their

daughters had they married lacqueys rather than players. A daughter of the Earl of Abingdon married Gallini the ballet-master, of whom George III. made a "Sir John;" and Lady Harriet Wentworth did actually commit the madness of marrying her footman,—a madness that had much method in it. This lady, the daughter of Lord Rockingham, transacted this matter in the most business-like way imaginable. She settled a hundred a-year for life on her husband, but directed her whole fortune besides to pass to her children, should she have any; otherwise, to her own family. She moreover "provided for a separation, and ensured the same pin-money to Damon, in case they part." She gave away all her fine clothes, and surrendered her titles: "linen and gowns," she said, "were properest for a footman's wife;" and she went to her husband's family in Ireland as plain "Mrs. Henrietta Sturgeon."

Fashions, cleanly or otherwise, often come by the clever exercise of wit. Thus the Russian confraternity made little fortunes through a well-timed joke perpetrated by Count Rostopchin. And the joke was cut after the following fashion. The Emperor Paul had an undisguised contempt for Russian princes, and loved to lower their dignity. He was one day surrounded by a glittering crowd of them, attired in gold lace and dirty shirts, when he carelessly asked his favorite Count Rostopchin, how it happened that he had never gained the slight distinction of being created a prince. "Well, your Majesty," said the Count, "it arises entirely from the circumstance that my ancestors, who were originally Tartars, came to settle in Russia just as winter was setting in." "And what of that?" asked Paul. "Why," answered the Count, "whenever a Tartar chief appeared at court for the first time, the sovereign left it to his option either to be made a prince or to receive the gift of a pelisse. Now as it was hard midwinter when my grandfather arrived at court, he had sense enough to prefer the pelisse to the princship." This satire gave the fashion to the Rostopchin cloaks, of which our grandfathers who travelled in Russia used to tell long stories, that were not half so good as Rostopchin's brief wit.—*Habits and Men.*

M. VAN DER HOPE, head of the well-known banking-house of Hope & Co., at Amsterdam, has, before his death, bequeathed to that city his fine collection of pictures, on two conditions, that the city discharge certain claims belonging to the rights of inheritance, amounting to the sum of 50,000 florins (about \$21,000), also, the permanent exhibition of the collection for the benefit of the poor. The authorities of Amsterdam, deeming they had no right to increase the city expenses, refused the bequest, unless, within a week, voluntary subscriptions amounting to 40,000 florins (\$17,000) could be secured, when the city would contribute the balance. At the end of the week, nearly 33,000 florins were subscribed, and the rest was provided for, so that the collection remains in Amsterdam, one of its principal attractions, and for the poor a fruitful source of revenue. The collection comprises 150 canvases.

THE British Museum has just received a fresh importation from Nineveh, filling 159 cases. It comprises a miscellaneous collection of small slabs, seals, pottery, and other objects, bearing more upon the domestic life of the ancient inhabitants of Mesopotamia than the pieces hitherto received. This is what was wanted. We possess already as many of the large historical slabs as we know what to do with. We have acquired a tolerably clear idea of the king and the warrior,—what we now want is to see the Ninevite in his home.—*Athenæum.*

Correspondence.

PARIS, April 10, 1855.

WHEN in a former letter I stated that the Fine Art Jury of the Great Exhibition would be "vigorous in its judgment," I did not make a false prophesy, for the result painfully proves the correctness of my judgment. It is not agreeable to be obliged to comment on the strict manner in which they discharge their duties, but the examining committee, although its labors are not yet ended, have already made more than one mistake; its decisions have "leaked out" among the artists, and many are sadly disappointed.

One can scarcely believe it, but a picture by Corot has been rejected, he who paints landscapes so charmingly—who treats so poetically the twilight hour and early dawn of spring day! They have rejected a composition by Daubigny, who, though young in art, has already made a reputation among landscapists, by the quiet glow of his coloring, and the purity of his light. Ricard, one of the best portrait painters of the new school, has also to suffer by the jury's absurd stringency. Adolphe Lebus, so successful in scenes of common life among the poorer classes, has had three pictures rejected. Courbet, who is sometimes lacking, but who, nevertheless, has striking picturesque qualities—Madame O'Connell, who follows close upon the Flemish masters, besides several others, whose names escape me, have been no less unfortunate. Finally, another skillful portrait painter, Rodakowski, who, in the exhibition of 1853, obtained such marked success, has had the misfortune of learning that his large picture, an immense battle-piece, which cost him so much time and labor, has also been thrown out by the jury. I have not seen this composition, and I admit that it may show many deficiencies, but I know Rodakowski to be an artist who does not ignore the difficulties of his art—who labors with unparalleled earnestness, and never applies the brush without reference to nature, and I am convinced that even with the defects of his works, they still present very brilliant qualities. Certain I am they do not merit such a decision.

It is said the sculptors have met with no better fate than the painters. After all—for one must be just—the committee of examination are, perhaps, excusable. A very liberal section of the exhibition regulations permits an artist to send any number of statues or paintings; nearly all have availed themselves of the privilege, and many have abused it; several have sent twelve, fifteen, and even twenty of their works. To provide for all these masterpieces, it would be necessary to build a town expressly. It must be admitted, too, that notwithstanding the great number excluded by the jury, they have rarely refused the entire consignment of any one artist. Corot, Daubigny, Ricard and Lebus have not been wholly rejected; they will be represented by some very important works. Notwithstanding the sighs and complaints of the disaffected, the exhibition, which is now in progress, will be one of the grandest and the most interesting the French public have ever been called upon to look at.

The season for the sale of objects of Art, inaugurated with so much *éclat* by the

sale of the Baron of Mecklenburgh's collection, followed by that of M. Caillet—duly reported in THE CRAYON—still continues with equal interest. The collections of Baroilhet, containing little else than pictures of the modern school, has been disposed of, also, the gallery of M. Collot, formerly Director of the Mint in Paris. The latter sale was advertised immensely—every wall in Paris was covered with posters—and yet, for all that, they could not succeed in giving value to the doubtful and bad pictures which this collection contained. It is true that it possessed some works of real merit, and they were disposed of at sufficiently high prices. Seven sketches by Rubens, representing various scenes in the life of Achilles, brought together, 10,225f. (\$2,000)—a very pretty landscape, by Moucheron, was sold for 805f. (\$160)—a Salvator Rosa—"The Peasants of Lycia transformed to Frogs," brought 900f. (\$180)—"The Martyrdom of St. Agatha," by Velazquez, 1,000f. (\$200)—and a "View of Tivoli," by Jos. Vernet, 3,000f. (\$600). But these were not the principal attractions of the sale. A very beautiful composition by Poussin, "The Massacre of the Innocents," sold for 10,000f. (\$2,000). It was, perhaps, worth more, for never did this stern painter—the pride of the French school—show more style, truth, and expression. The picture of "The Daughter of Herod receiving the head of John the Baptist," had conferred upon it, in the catalogue and advertisements, a glorious paternity; it was advertised as a master-piece by Leonardo da Vinci. They were mistaken. In this picture, otherwise extremely remarkable, the feeling, manner and drawing remind one forcibly of the great Florentine master—but the dry and meagre execution differs from his essentially. The truth is, that this picture is an excellent copy by a pupil of Da Vinci's, and made, perhaps, under his eye. It brought the sum of 16,500f. For the same price, a superb portrait by Rembrandt was disposed of, dated 1632, representing, we were assured, Professor Tulp, the same figure as the *Leçons d'Anatomie* in the Museum of the Hague. This portrait, forcible, luminous, and full of life, is a work of Rembrandt's younger days; it is painted in that clear, silvery manner which is so justly admired in his first works: the eyes are liquid and brilliant—the lips stir with the gentle movement of the breath, and seem as if they are about to speak; everybody regretted that this master-piece was not purchased for the Louvre.

Horace Vernet, of whom I have spoken several times, and whom I shall, doubtless, often mention again, appears to be quite in favor with the imperial government. He has just been commissioned to decorate one of the vast saloons of the Tuileries with a large picture, in which is to be represented the Emperor Napoleon I. surrounded by the various marshals and generals who died upon the field of battle. You will perceive that, if the artist is faithful to his programme, his Napoleon will be surrounded by a numerous suite. Well, what would you have! There are still, it seems, some countries where they believe that glory is only made evident by showing up the number of men who have been killed for it! MANTZ.